

by the fact that 1500 people held their seats through the afternoon in spite of the drizzling rain.

Half an hour before the first signal the stands began to fill rapidly. The clouds cleared away overhead and let a little light shine through. The rain stopped and a cheer rose as through the gateway at the corner of the field. The crowd was a stir as the muddy-room growth of umbrellas disappeared. Black, muddy footballs were flying through the air in long spirals. Goals that would never show in the score were kicked at minute intervals. The yell leaders appeared and suddenly upended their great megaphones of yellow and black. The crowd stirred uneasily. The event of the year for many a Princeton and Harvard man was only minutes away.

"We'll go marching through," played the Harvard band cheerfully. "We'll go wading through it." The Harvard band, dressed in white canvas pants and blue shirts, were wading through the mud. The Harvard band, dressed in white canvas pants and blue shirts, were wading through the mud. The Harvard band, dressed in white canvas pants and blue shirts, were wading through the mud.

"What's in there?" asked a man in the press stand. "Princeton's goat," replied another sporting a crimson badge. Then some one saw a bag and a second later a bright red toy balloon floated defiantly up toward the black and orange clouds. The spectators, delaying because of the rain, swarmed through the gates as the last moment approached. The gray and weather beaten benches changed color. The Harvard band, dressed in white canvas pants and blue shirts, were wading through the mud. The Harvard band, dressed in white canvas pants and blue shirts, were wading through the mud.

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quarter the ball was kept in Harvard's territory. Twice the Harvard goal was in danger. It was raining heavily when the second quarter began.

**SECOND PERIOD.**  
The stands had turned to great masses of shivering black umbrellas. A fair catch on Harvard's 35-yard line. He was right in front of Princeton's rosters and they roared like all the tigers in the jungle. Street and Baker were sent plunging through the yielding Harvard line. Street went through a wall and after a careful measurement the officials decided that he had not made first down by a matter of inches, and the ball went into Harvard's possession. Harvard kicked off to Baker in mid-field.

Time was taken out while the rival teams washed mud out of their eyes. Law kicked to Logan on Harvard's 35-yard line for a fair catch. After one try at the line Harvard kicked out to Princeton's 45-yard line and Baker made the catch and was roughly tackled. Law went back to kick but before he could get the ball away Brickley diving through the Princeton line leaped upon him. The ball struck Street's arms. He fumbled and the ball rolled down the field toward Princeton's goal. Law turned like a flash and went after it before he could get up speed. Street passed him and fell on the ball.

In two sharp rushes Harvard reached a position within easy range of the Tiger goal. From the 20-yard line Brickley kicked and the ball sailed over the nose of the bar. Score, Harvard, 3; Princeton, 0.

**MAHAN, DISPLACING BRADLEE, MAKES 45-YARD RUN.**  
Mahan went in for Bradlee. Princeton kicked off and the struggle went on. The rain was pouring down so hard that a gray mist covered the field and softened the outline of the opposite stands. By this time the whole infield was one field of mud. It was impossible to handle the ball and the players slipped and were down in rows like so many nincoms in a howling alley. Time was taken out frequently.

Law pointed out to Harvard's 25-yard line. Hardwick punted right back to Baker, who made a fair catch 41 yards in front of Princeton's goal. Law pointed to Mahan, who ran back around Princeton's left end, dodging or brushing aside one player after another for 15 yards. On her own 25-yard line three Princeton tacklers struck Mahan at the same instant, right in the middle of the biggest mud puddle of the field.

**BRICKLEY FAILED THIS TIME AT FIELD GOAL.**  
Brickley tried for a field goal and missed. In the rush Lambertson's jersey was torn completely off. He quickly slipped on another clear one, which marked him as the one bright gleam among 21 others so mud smeared that it was almost impossible to tell the color of the rival teams. Mahan and Brickley made small gains. Then Mahan was given the ball again, fumbled it, picked it up, and made a first down. Mahan started and was thrown for a loss. The penalty was penalized five yards for offside play. On the next play Princeton was penalized again.

Now the ball was on Princeton's 30-yard line. Street was taken out and F. Trenkman took his place. With the ball on Princeton's 30-yard line Harvard tried a forward pass, Law got it on Princeton's 15-yard line and immediately pointed to the middle of the field. Mahan slipped in the mud and missed it. Brickley recovered on Harvard's 30-yard line. Hardwick punted to Baker, who came back 8 slippery yards before he came down. Law punted to Mahan 23 yards in front of Harvard's goal line. As Mahan turned to run both feet flew from under him and he fell flat on his back. Brickley failed to gain and the first half ended with the ball in Harvard's 20-yard line. **SCORE—HARVARD, 3; PRINCETON, 0.**

**LUCK PLAYS PART IN HARVARD'S EARLY SCORE.**  
The result of the first half justified the prediction that if Harvard beat Princeton to-day it would not be by an overwhelming score.

All the time that Harvard was outplayed by the Tigers. Where Harvard made a first down, Princeton made 6. Luck played a great part in Harvard's single score. The blocked kick was due more to the slippery footing which prevented Law from getting the ball away quickly. As to Brickley's breaking through the line, that kick gave Harvard the ball on the 30 yards nearer the Princeton goal than she would have had it had the kick gone through.

**THIRD PERIOD.**  
At the start of the first half the sky cleared up suddenly and the second half began with the sun shining brightly and no indication of more rain. During the interval between the halves the Princeton rosters sang:

"Rah, Rah, Rah, rolling up the tiger roar.  
Rah, Rah, Rah, rolling up the score!"

To answer this the Harvard yell leaders sang, "Hard luck, poor old Eli!" He remembered just in time that it wasn't poor old Eli and switched to something else.

At 2:10 both teams came out to begin the second half. The officials were still covered with mud, but all the players had fresh clean jerseys and new trousers, so that it looked as if two new teams had taken the field.

Baker kicked off and the ball went high and turned over and over. It fell into Harvard's hands on the 31-yard line. Baker fumbled a punt on Princeton's 30-yard line, but Glick recovered in Harvard's 10-yard line. Bradlee was in again for Mahan. Harvard tried the line and failed on a forward pass. Baker made a fair catch of Hardwick's punt. Street was also in again. He went into the Harvard line once without a gain. Baker was thrown back by Gilman and Harvard punted out to the 50-yard line. Harvard lost 10 yards on a penalty. Then Hardwick was thrown for a loss by Logan.

**HARVARD LINE LIKE STONE WALL NOW.**  
Hardwick punted and Law brought the ball back 15 yards to the 50-yard line. Street shoved through for a yard and immediately took five more. Glick took the ball on Harvard's 35-yard line. Street's first rush was met by a strong wall defense. Glick tried another quarter back run, but O'Brien broke through and tossed him for a 5-yard loss. Hober Baker tried to get around Harvard's right and failed to gain. Law dropped back as if for a kick and a forward pass sent the ball to Hammond, who had a clear space for a couple of yards and might have gotten away had he not slipped in the mud and fallen flat. Princeton lost the ball on down.

After an exchange of punts Baker made a fair catch on Harvard's 35-yard line. Baker went back to try a place kick. It was a slip away and in the mud the easy catch flew low and struck the ground 10 yards in front of the goal post. Brickley made a line run through tacklers back to Harvard's 20-yard line where he was hauled down by Hammond.

Hardwick punted and Law returned to Logan on Harvard's 35-yard line. Hammond nailed Logan and brought him down before he could make a start. Brickley broke through the Princeton line and made 15 yards before Hammond dragged him down. Harvard tried a forward pass and Glick got the ball. Street went through the center for a yard.

Baker made a forward pass and, although the Tiger left and was downed before he could get away, the play netted a 17-yard gain. Princeton drew a forward penalty for offside play. Law punted to Harvard's 35-yard line. Before play could go the signal was given for the end of the third quarter. After the goals were exchanged both teams marched slowly down the length of the field together. Princeton rosters were giving the old Princeton yell.

"Rah, rah, rah, tiger, tiger, tiger; siss, siss, siss, boom, boom, boom; ha, ha, ha, Princeton, Princeton, Princeton!"

**FOURTH PERIOD.**  
Hardwick failed to gain, but shifted the ball off to one side away from the goal posts. Then he punted out of bounds on Harvard's twenty-five-yard line.

Once the Tigers hurried themselves into the crimson line without gaining an inch. On the next attempt they were thrown a single foot to the back. Baker fell back to try a drop kick. The ball was blocked and as it bounded through the thick of the crimson line, Bradlee recovered it. A poor punt gave Princeton the ball again on Harvard's thirty-third line.

The Tigers were bucking furiously now. Street shot through like a battering ram for a short gain. Then Baker fell back and tried a kick from Harvard's 45-yard line, his toe slipped from the muddy field and instead of rising went clattering along the ground.

**MAHAN RUN OF 45 YARDS.**  
Hardwick went out and Mahan went in. On the next play Mahan fought his way along just clear of the side line for 45 yards. Tackler after tackler seized him and was shaken off. At last he was almost clear and running behind another Princeton player headed for the Tiger goal line. When it seemed certain that Harvard would score again, Phillips stepped in and interfered and brought Mahan down, a foot within Princeton's 20-yard line. Here after a moment's delay Brickley tried for a field goal, but as in the case of Baker's last attempt at the other end of the field the slippery ball failed to rise and settled along the ground.

Princeton's turn for Street. Law got away a very close punt and Logan made a safe catch on Princeton's 45-yard line. Brickley tried to kick a goal from placement but fell 15 yards short. Law punted out beautifully to Harvard's 45-yard line. Mahan worked back five yards before Hammond brought him down. Mahan tried a fake kick and was thrown for a loss by Ballin. Hober Baker caught the next punt on Princeton's 33-yard line, but couldn't get started soon enough to get clear.

Mahan brought Law's next punt back 25 yards and was overhauled by Glick. Brickley went through for 4 yards and Glick got him there. Brickley took 2 more and F. Trenkman got him this time. The ball was just inside of Princeton's 35-yard line now, and time was taken out while the whole Harvard team had a sponge bath.

Brickley got a yard through the line and Glick brought him down. Harvard's turn for Hammond. Law punted to Dana, went in for Hitchcock. Baker brought a punt back to Princeton's 15-yard line. After one ineffectual try at the line Princeton kicked. Mahan kicked the punt five yards in Harvard territory and Ballin stopped him short. Mahan kicked out of bounds to Baker on Princeton's 15-yard line. 8 Baker kicked the punt and he fell flat on his back. Mahan in mid-field and Phillips flattened Mahan on the spot.

Hardwick went in for Bradlee. Twice Harvard made short gains through the lines, and a five-yard penalty gave her the down. Here the last whistle blew, with the ball ten yards in Princeton territory. **Final Score, HARVARD, 3; PRINCETON, 0.**

Francis D. Burnett Vanishes From Holy Cross, Leaving No Trace.  
WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 8.—Francis D. Burnett, a member of the sophomore class at Holy Cross College, has disappeared and no trace of him has been seen at the college or at his home, No. 65 Clarendon street, Boston, since Sept. 20. He returned to the college for his sophomore year on Sept. 15, but after a few days he left the college, some of his classmates being given to understand that he was going home.

He did not go home and the members of his family heard nothing from him. Circulars mentioning his mysterious disappearance were sent out in the name of his father, but have not been answered.

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**GOVERNMENT LAWYERS ACCUSED BY HADLEY**  
Charges Unfairness in Petition Filed in Land Company Suit.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 8.—Sensational charges alleging unfairness on the part of representatives of the United States Department of Justice in preparing a case against the Florida Fruit Lands Company pending before the Federal Grand Jury here, were contained in a petition filed in the Federal District Court here today by Herbert S. Hadley, a prominent attorney, atorney representing the land company.

**COLLEGE STUDENT MISSING.**  
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**Death of Mrs. F. S. Brown.**  
Mrs. Frederick S. Brown died at her home, No. 232 Berkeley road, Brooklyn, yesterday, of pneumonia. Her husband has been on the editorial staff of The World for many years, and her son, Edwin G. Brown, assistant sporting editor of its morning edition for several years. The funeral arrangements have not been announced.

**Elderly Woman Takes Bichloride in Mistake for Diabetes Remedy.**  
Mistaking bichloride of mercury tablets for diabetes remedy, Mrs. Mary Rieder, sixty-five, of No. 314 Union avenue, the Bronx, took three of the tablets yesterday afternoon. When her daughter, Mrs. Carrie Vogel, with whom she was living, returned home she found her mother suffering severe pain.

Otto Maier of No. 104 West Eighty-sixth street, was called in and discovered that Mrs. Rieder had taken bichloride. Mrs. Rieder died at 9:30 o'clock this morning.

**Got His Education in the Best University.**  
The foundation of his knowledge was the newspaper office; his university, he calls Park Row. At sixteen he was a cub reporter on The World, chasing news items. When The Evening World was started, in 1887, he was assigned to its staff and promptly recalls that he had a small item in its first issue. For seven years he hustled as a newspaper reporter, and when anybody refers to him as a mere theorist he points back to those years on Park Row.

They were the most valuable to me of any years of my life," Mr. McAneny said. "They were the years of my education, my real life, the beginning of my knowledge of New York. They call me a dreamer, I know. I suppose I have dreamed some about New York, but that was merely to get a clear perspective before starting along definite, practical lines."

There is great work to be done by the new city government during the next four years. It is not merely the work of going along operating the departments and running the routine business, but it concerns that broader and higher sphere of planning for the growing city and developing its resources.

The people of the city have shown by their votes that they expect two things to be accomplished by this new administration, namely, the complete uprooting of Tammany's connection with the city government and the establishment of an efficient, economical and beneficial administration of municipal affairs. I do not expect to have much part in the first of these, but I do hope to participate, in co-operation with other members of the Board of Aldermen, in the second.

George McAneny—you should pronounce it McAn-en-yen without accenting any syllable—will have an ideal job. Five thousand a year, only one hour's work a week prescribed by law. All the rest of the time he is free to do as he pleases, and in the case of McAneny that means thinking and studying.

Some 10,000 citizens of New York voted last Tuesday to give him this job with the title of President of the Board of Aldermen. Once a week he will have to sit in a big chair on a throne in the City Hall with gavel in hand and try to keep order while the Aldermen wrangle about petty matters for boot-black stands and push carts.

John Purroy Mitchell, Mayor-elect, formerly had that place. He hated the job and despised the Aldermen. He told them so to their faces. "I don't," said McAneny. "I think there are possibilities for good government in the Board of Aldermen. A lot of the driftwood membership has been cleaned out by this election. I believe the new body can be helped to make itself a more effective force in municipal affairs. At least, I am going to try to do it."

**MITCHEL SHIFTS HIS PLANS AND IS GOING TO PANAMA**

Mayor-Elect Will Start Wednesday, Leaving the Job Hunters in the Dark.

**LETTER FROM WILSON.**  
Expects Successor as Collector—Possibly Frank L. Polk—to Be Named Soon.

Mayor-elect John Purroy Mitchell has decided on an ocean trip and a visit to Panama instead of a sojourn to the mountains to obtain rest after his arduous campaign. Mr. Mitchell, with Mrs. Mitchell, will probably leave New York next Wednesday morning for Southern waters. By that time he expects that President Wilson will have sent the name of his successor—possibly Frank L. Polk—to the Senate as the new Collector of the Port.

At the Custom House to-day Mr. Mitchell announced that he had received a private letter from the President, accepting his resignation and expressing the President's appreciation of his services. The letter was marked "personal" and was received by Mr. Mitchell two days before the Mayorality campaign closed. As it was the President's wish that the letter be not made public because of any influence it might have on the voters, Mr. Mitchell held the letter confidential. He preferred not to give the letter out to-day, saying that it was merely a personal note from the President.

**LEADERS ALL GET SAME WORD—NO APPOINTMENTS YET.**  
Mr. Mitchell was visited to-day by Congressman William M. Calder and Jacob A. Livingston, the Kings County Republican leaders, and also Augustus Schwarzer, the Bull Moose chairman of the Bronx. The Mayor-elect said he had informed these fusion chiefs that he would not make up his mind as to any appointments until his return from the South. He said he had also told others interested in appointments that his mind was free and that he would not take up a serious consideration of the personnel of his cabinet until he has seen and heard all the candidates.

Mr. Mitchell said he had a full opportunity to weigh the capabilities of the candidates. The appointment of Arthur C. Train as an Assistant District Attorney was immensely pleasing to Mr. Mitchell. "You may say I am quite sure there will be the heartiest co-operation between the offices of the Mayor and the District Attorney," said Mr. Mitchell. "I know the worth of Mr. Train, whom Mr. Whitman has promoted, and I know that nothing but harmony will exist between the offices."

Mr. Mitchell asked that the reporters say he had not been able to read the bundles of letters received both at his home and at the Custom House. He will answer as many of the letters and telegrams as is possible, but stated that some of the writers will have to wait until he returns.

**ALL ARE HOPEFUL OF LANDING GOOD JOBS.**  
Republican and Progressive leaders who have camped constantly on Mr. Mitchell's trail since his election have satisfied themselves that the Fusion organizations will not be left out in the cold when the new Mayor appoints his staff. County Chairman Koegler, he guessed within 10 votes of Mr. Mitchell's plurality in Manhattan, has called on Mr. Mitchell each day and it is Chairman Bird's conviction—that in doling out rewards for services rendered on Election Day the new Mayor will be even generous in his distribution of patronage to the rival machine.

There are numbers of independent and anti-Murphy Democrats in New York City who are equally positive that the new Mayor will bring forward as possible Wilson Democrats as well.

To all the claimants for preference the new Mayor has made the same reply: "I will select men whose prime essential is efficiency. If the organizations put forward men who meet up with my yard stick, I'll appoint them; if not, I'll have to look elsewhere. If an organization should be unfortunate in this respect, then that organization will not have appointments."

What proportion of Republicans, Progressives and Wilson Democrats the new Mayor will appoint has not been even hinted at. Mr. Mitchell will not parcel out places. If there should be a fair proportion in the end, that result will be a coincidence and not a pro rata assignment.

**Elderly Woman Takes Bichloride in Mistake for Diabetes Remedy.**  
Mistaking bichloride of mercury tablets for diabetes remedy, Mrs. Mary Rieder, sixty-five, of No. 314 Union avenue, the Bronx, took three of the tablets yesterday afternoon. When her daughter, Mrs. Carrie Vogel, with whom she was living, returned home she found her mother suffering severe pain.

Otto Maier of No. 104 West Eighty-sixth street, was called in and discovered that Mrs. Rieder had taken bichloride. Mrs. Rieder died at 9:30 o'clock this morning.

**Got His Education in the Best University.**  
The foundation of his knowledge was the newspaper office; his university, he calls Park Row. At sixteen he was a cub reporter on The World, chasing news items. When The Evening World was started, in 1887, he was assigned to its staff and promptly recalls that he had a small item in its first issue. For seven years he hustled as a newspaper reporter, and when anybody refers to him as a mere theorist he points back to those years on Park Row.

They were the most valuable to me of any years of my life," Mr. McAneny said. "They were the years of my education, my real life, the beginning of my knowledge of New York. They call me a dreamer, I know. I suppose I have dreamed some about New York, but that was merely to get a clear perspective before starting along definite, practical lines."

There is great work to be done by the new city government during the next four years. It is not merely the work of going along operating the departments and running the routine business, but it concerns that broader and higher sphere of planning for the growing city and developing its resources.

The people of the city have shown by their votes that they expect two things to be accomplished by this new administration, namely, the complete uprooting of Tammany's connection with the city government and the establishment of an efficient, economical and beneficial administration of municipal affairs. I do not expect to have much part in the first of these, but I do hope to participate, in co-operation with other members of the Board of Aldermen, in the second.

George McAneny—you should pronounce it McAn-en-yen without accenting any syllable—will have an ideal job. Five thousand a year, only one hour's work a week prescribed by law. All the rest of the time he is free to do as he pleases, and in the case of McAneny that means thinking and studying.

Some 10,000 citizens of New York voted last Tuesday to give him this job with the title of President of the Board of Aldermen. Once a week he will have to sit in a big chair on a throne in the City Hall with gavel in hand and try to keep order while the Aldermen wrangle about petty matters for boot-black stands and push carts.